Inside Out

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/91675986.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
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Category:
F/F

Fandoms:
ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Video Game), ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Anime), ウマ娘 | Uma Musume - All Media Types

Relationship:
Agnes Tachyon/Trainer (Uma Musume)

Characters:
Agnes Tachyon (Uma Musume), Trainer (Uma Musume), Reader

Additional Tags:
Suicide Attempt, Suicidal Thoughts, Overdosing, Drug Use, Vomiting, Physical Disability, Animal Traits, Non-Consensual Touching, Size Difference, Depression, Mental Health Issues, Emotional Hurt, Horse Sized Horse Girl, Reader-Insert

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2026-08-30 Words: 4,335 Chapters: 1/1

Inside Out

by Bordementions

Summary

Tachytore forced vomiting

Notes

Thank you to sibi for beta reading

Initial warning that this account is going to be either completely deleted or all works are going to be orphaned at some point. I want to say sooner than later but that depends and I lack commitment. If any attempts are made at archiving, saving, or reposting these works to ao3 I have no problem with it and you do not need my permission but I would prefer to be as uninvolved as possible.

Thank you

See the end of the work for more notes

The steady, rhythmic beep... beep... beep... of a heart monitor was the first thing that dragged you out of the heavy dark.

You blinked against the harsh sunlight filtering through your bedroom blinds, your mind sluggish, feeling less like you had slept and more like you had been violently dragged back into consciousness. You lay still on your mattress, staring blankly up at your own ceiling, waiting for the familiar, crushing weight of reality to settle back onto your chest.

It didn't take long.

Slowly turning your head, you took in the sight around your room. Stacking poles, a flickering monitor displaying your vital signs, and a clear plastic tube running down into an IV cannula taped securely to the back of your hand. A bag of saline hung silently beside your bed, slowly dripping.

You didn't panic. You didn't gasp, nor did your heart rate spike—a fact proven by the agonizingly steady cadence of the machine beside you. There was no fear, no sudden rush of adrenaline. Just a profound, hollow sense of melancholy. A quiet, heavy disappointment that the darkness hadn't lasted just a little bit longer.

Months of endless, grinding stress, sleepless nights, and watching your trainee slowly break herself down in her lab had long since burnt out whatever fire you had left. Your career as a trainer was effectively dead, stalled out in favor of acting as a glorified nurse. You were drained. Exhausted to the very marrow of your bones.

A soft, uneven breath drawn from the corner of your room broke the silence.

You shifted your gaze downward. Sitting in the small wooden desk chair you usually threw your laundry on was Tachyon. Even resting, she looked fragile—a sickly, alarming sight. Her dark hair, usually a short and lively mess, had grown long and tangled from weeks of neglect, falling in greasy strands over her pale face. Her frame, already light for her kind, looked ghostly beneath her oversized, stain-covered lab coat.

She was asleep, slumped forward in a deeply uncomfortable position. Her chin rested heavily on her chest, her long arms wrapped around the handles of a forearm crutch wedged between her knees to keep her upright. Her left leg, encased in a rigid, metallic brace, stuck out

at an awkward, stiff angle.

You stared at her for a long moment, the quiet tragedy of the view squeezing what little was left of your heart.

I failed you, the familiar voice in your head whispered. I didn't notice in time. And now look at us.

With a slow, heavy sigh, you swung your legs over the edge of the bed. Your head swam immediately, a wave of nausea washing over you, but you ignored it. Reaching down with a numb hand, you picked at the adhesive tape on your hand, wincing slightly as you pulled the needle from your vein. A single bead of dark blood welled up on your skin, but you didn't bother to wipe it away.

You stood up, your legs feeling like wet cardboard. You swayed, taking a clumsy step forward as you tried to find your footing.

Clack.

Your bare foot bumped against the base of the IV pole. The metal frame rattled, the hanging plastic bag sloshing loudly.

In an instant, the tall figure in the chair shifted. Tachyon’s stubby brown ears twitched violently, snapping upright before her eyes shot open. For a split second, the sharp, calculating genius returned to her gaze, wide with a raw, uncharacteristic spike of panic as her eyes darted to the bed—and then to you, standing unsteadily in the middle of the room.

The tension drained from her shoulders so fast she nearly slipped off her crutch. A long, shuddering sigh escaped her lips, her tail giving a weak, erratic flick behind her chair.

"Why, hello there, guinea pig," Tachyon murmured, her voice raspy and dry from sleep, though she forced that familiar, playful cadence into her tone. "You're awake. And already destroying my medical equipment, I see. What a remarkably resilient test subject you are."

You looked at her, your expression entirely flat, eyes dull and devoid of the light she used to comment on. "Tachyon... what are you doing in my house?"

"A trivial question! I let myself in, of course," she replied smoothly, using her crutch to push herself up. She winced, a tiny, fleeting grimace crossing her face as she shifted her weight off her left leg,

relying heavily on the metal support to stand to her full height. Even stooped over and emaciated, her height easily dwarfed you, her shadow stretching across the room. "You missed our scheduled morning check-in. And as you well know, a researcher cannot afford to lose track of her primary assistant. When you failed to answer your door, I simply bypassed the lock. A remarkably crude tumbler, by the way. You really ought to invest in better security."

She adjusted the handles of her crutch, taking a slow, uneven step toward you, the mechanical joint of her leg brace clicking with every movement.

"Though," Tachyon continued, her tone dropping its airy quality, shifting into something dangerously quiet and sharp, "I suppose security wouldn't have saved you from yourself."

You blinked, looking down at your bleeding hand. "I just... needed to sleep."

"Sleep?" Tachyon let out a bitter, dry laugh, stopping a few feet away from you. Her dark eyes locked onto yours, unblinking, the pupils dilated. "Is that what we're calling it now? Ingestion of a massive overdose of experimental sedative-analgesic compounds isn't 'sleep,' my dear Trainer. It is a statistical miracle that your fragile human heart didn't simply cease pumping altogether."

She leaned forward slightly, resting her weight on her crutch, pointing a thin, long-fingered hand directly at your chest. Her oversized sleeve draped over her knuckles.

"I leave you alone for less than twenty-four hours, and you go raiding my laboratory shelves like a desperate scavenger!" her childish tone slipped completely, replaced by a sharp, petulant scolding. "Do you have any idea how much effort it took to calculate your body mass, synthesize a neutralizing agent, transport three hundred pounds of monitoring machinery up your stairs, and flush your system before your organs failed? I am a researcher, not an emergency medical technician! My time is far too valuable to be spent dragging my own trainer back from the brink of cognitive cessation."

Her chest heaved slightly, the rant exhausting her thin, malnourished body. She leaned heavily back onto her crutch, her tail drooping low to the floor, wrapping around her bad leg.

You stared at her, unmoving, taking in the trembling of her fingers, the dark circles under her eyes, and the desperation hidden beneath

her anger. You didn't yell back. You didn't apologize. You just stood there in the center of your dim bedroom, completely empty.

"You shouldn't have bothered," you said quietly, your voice barely above a whisper. "You have your research, Tachyon. You don't need me anymore."

"Nonsense! Absurdity of the highest degree!" she declared loudly, waving a hand dismissively in the air. "Who else would bring me my meals? Who else would allow me to measure the stress tolerances of the human muscular system? A replacement assistant would take months to properly condition! No, no, you are far too useful to be allowed to self-terminate over a little exhaustion."

She took another step closer, reaching out to grab your arm with surprisingly firm strength.

"Now," Tachyon said, her tone returning to its usual form, though her grip on your arm remained desperately tight. "Sit back down on the bed. You are severely dehydrated, your vitals are abysmal, and frankly, you look atrocious. Then perhaps you can tell me where the rest of my stolen medicine is."

You let out a long, quiet exhale—a faint puff of air that did nothing to warm the chill in your chest.

If your heart was going to insist on beating, you supposed there was no sense in standing around in the dark. Life, with all its exhausting, grinding weight, had simply picked back up where it left off.

"I'm getting up," you said, your voice flat and raspy.

You gently pulled your forearm back. Tachyon’s fingers twitched, her grip lingering for a fraction of a second before her hand dropped back to the handle of her crutch. She watched you with unnervingly sharp eyes as you turned away, stepping around the discarded IV pole and the silent heart monitor.

"Wait—Trainer, your physiological state is nowhere near optimal—" Tachyon began, her voice rising in a rare moment of actual protest.

"Do you want tea?" you interrupted quietly, not even looking back as you walked out of the bedroom and down the short hallway. "I'm making tea."

A pause echoed behind you, followed by the sound of her metal brace

and forearm crutch dragging across the floorboards.

"Black tea. Earl Grey, if you haven't managed to misplace it," she called out, falling into step behind you, though at a significantly slower pace than she ever would have months ago.

The kitchen was cold and dimly lit. Sunlight barely scraped through the small window over the sink, illuminating the light layer of dust on the counters. You moved on autopilot, filling the kettle with water and setting it on the stove. Every movement felt heavy, like dragging your limbs through thick mud, but the routine was familiar enough that your body simply took over.

Tachyon negotiated the narrow doorway, her current state making it a rather difficult task. She pulled out a wooden chair at the small dining table, easing herself down with a stiff, carefully calculated movement. She leaned her crutch against the edge of the table, her hair falling over her shoulders like a dark curtain.

"So," you said, staring blankly at the stove as the burner clicked to life with a small blue flame. "How are the classes going? Are they still giving you trouble about your attendance?"

Tachyon scoffed, adjusting her lab coat around her thin shoulders. "Trouble? A severe understatement. The student council president insists on badgering me with endless, mundane paperwork. 'Tachyon, you missed advanced biometrics,' 'Tachyon, the academy requires your medical update.' As if my presence in a classroom full of children learning basic kinematic theory is a productive use of my intellect."

She leaned her chin on her hand, her dark, ringed red eyes following your every move.

"My time is far better spent in the laboratory," she continued, the speed of her tone increasing whenever she spoke of her work. "I've made significant headway on the synthetic compound for muscle fiber density retention. Though, without a proper control subject—given your recent... unavailability—the data points are frustratingly incomplete. I had to resort to algorithmic simulations, which, as you know, lack the raw information of real biological feedback."

"Sounds busy," you murmured.

You grabbed two mugs from the cupboard. You dropped a single tea bag into yours, leaving it plain. For Tachyon, you pulled the sugar bowl forward. You picked up the spoon and began dumping spoon

after spoon into her mug. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. You didn't stop until the bottom of the cup was buried in a thick, white heap.

When the kettle whistled, you poured the boiling water, stirring hers until the liquid turned into a thick, syrupy amber.

You walked over and set the steaming mug in front of her. Tachyon looked down at the mug, her ears giving a satisfied twitch as the sweet aroma hit her nose, though her expression remained carefully guarded.

Instead of sitting across from her, you walked back to the kitchen counter. You leaned your back against the cool laminate, holding your own mug with both hands, staring down at the dark, reflectionless liquid.

The kitchen fell into a heavy, suffocating silence. The only sound was the faint hum of the refrigerator and the clink of Tachyon's spoon as she idly stirred her tea, watching the steam rise. She took a slow sip, a small, subtle sigh escaping her lips as the warmth hit her system.

You stared at the floor, the dull ache in your chest blooming into something quiet, dark, and weary.

"Tachyon," you said, your voice cutting through the quiet.

"Hmm?" She didn't look up from her cup, swirling the syrupy tea around.

"Next time..." You swallowed hard, the words tasting disgusting in your mouth. "Next time it happens... don't interfere."

The clinking of the spoon stopped instantly.

Tachyon didn't move. She sat frozen in the chair, her towering frame suddenly looking rigid, her long fingers tightening around the porcelain handle of her mug until her knuckles turned ghostly white. The playful demeanor vanished completely, leaving behind a cold, sharp stillness.

Slowly, she set the spoon down on the wooden table. It made a loud, sharp clack.

"Don't interfere?" Tachyon repeated softly. She tilted her head up, her eyes locking onto yours. There was no warmth in them now—only a deep, piercing intensity that made your skin prickle. "A fascinating

request. However... I am afraid that decision is entirely out of your hands."

You looked up, meeting her gaze with your own dull, exhausted eyes. "It's my life, Tachyon."

"Is it?" Tachyon let out a short, dry chuckle, leaning back against the wooden chair, resting her weight against the frame. "Have you forgotten the binding parameters of our agreement, my dear Trainer? When you signed on to manage my career at Tracen, you accepted that job. You volunteered to be my exclusive assistant. Or as you are used to it, my guinea pig."

She reached into the inner pocket of her lab coat, pulling out a group of neatly folded papers. She tapped her long fingernail against the top page.

"Page forty-two, subsection C of the supplementary rider," Tachyon said smoothly, her tone turning clipped, precise. "I made the extra fine print modifications to our contract exceptionally clear, had you ever actually bothered to read the documents you so eagerly signed. The contract stipulates that your body, your physiological data, and your continued vital functions remain under my direct jurisdiction for the entire duration of my research program."

She leaned forward, supporting herself on the table, her eyes wide, unblinking, and dangerously focused on you.

"Which means," she whispered, her voice dropping into a sharp, uncompromising command, "as long as our contract stands... you are not permitted to die. You do not have my authorization to terminate, nor do you have the right to abandon your post. Your life belongs to the advancement of my scientific pursuit, Trainer. And I am nowhere near finished with you."

She paused, her chest rising and falling in a faint, rapid rhythm, her hand trembling slightly where it rested on the table. For all her clinical, legally binding rhetoric, the desperate, terrifying fear beneath her words was bare for you to see. She couldn't lose racing, and she couldn't lose you.

Tachyon picked up her tea mug again, taking another long sip, her eyes never leaving yours.

"So," she added softly, forcing a tiny, bitter smirk back onto her face. "Drink your tea. We have a great deal of work to do today."

A sudden, bitter surge of heat broke through the cold numbness in your chest.

"A piece of paper?" You let out a harsh, dry laugh, setting your mug down on the counter with a sharp thud that splashed dark tea over the rim. "You think a piece of paper gives you the right to tell me whether I get to live or die, Tachyon?"

Your hands trembled, fists clenching at your sides as months of buried resentment, exhaustion, and silent grieving finally breached the surface.

"You don't get to decide that for me!" Your voice cracked, loud and raw in the quiet kitchen. "I threw away my entire career for you. I stopped taking new trainees. I turned myself into a joke at Tracen, sitting in a lab all day playing nurse! I gave you everything, Tachyon! I don't owe you a single damn thing anymore!"

Tachyon didn't flinch. She didn't yell back, nor did her ears flatten in anger.

Instead, she simply brought the cup back to her lips, taking a long, deliberate sip of her tea. Over the rim of the porcelain, her eyes watched you, unblinking. A strange, crooked little smile pulled at the corners of her mouth—a distant, unnerving expression that looked less like genuine amusement and more like a scientist observing a particularly fascinating, erratic specimen squirm under a microscope.

Slowly, she set the empty cup back down.

"A passionate outburst. Your heart rate is elevated, pupil dilation is noticeable, and your vocal cords are straining nicely," Tachyon murmured, her tone infuriatingly light, almost melodic. "However, despite your emotional reservations regarding the matter... it remains entirely outside your sphere of influence. Whether you like it or not, my dear Trainer, you sold your body to the progress of science the moment you agreed to walk this path with me."

Before you could spit another furious reply back at her, Tachyon began to shuffle back in the chair.

She didn't reach for her crutch. Leaving the metal support leaning uselessly against the wooden chair, she forced herself up onto her own two feet. A tiny, almost imperceptible twitch betrayed the flare of pain shooting up her leg, but her face remained entirely smooth, her unnatural resolve masking the weakness of her flesh.

She took a slow step toward the counter. Then another.

The mechanical joint of her leg brace locked into place with a metallic clack. Without the crutch, her gait was uneven—but she moved with a purpose.

She didn't stop until she was standing directly in front of you, blocking out the light of the window.

Even like this, she was an umamusume. Her looming frame dwarfed you completely, casting a long, suffocating shadow over your slouched form.

She leaned forward slightly, resting one hand on the laminate counter right beside your hip, trapping you against the edge.

"Look at you," Tachyon whispered, her voice dropping into a low, smooth purr that vibrated right through your chest. She tilted her head, her unkempt hair falling forward, framing her face. Her dark red eyes, completely devoid of light, locked onto yours from above, holding you in place with an iron intensity. "Trembling. Snapping. Fighting so desperately against the inevitable."

She brought her other hand up, her long, pale fingers hovering just a fraction of an inch from your jawline, close enough for you to feel the unnatural warmth radiating from her skin.

"You talk of debts, of sacrifices, of stagnation... as if those things were external to our experiment," she continued, her unearthly, smiling demeanor sending a cold shiver down your spine, making you feel impossibly small beneath her. "We belong in this laboratory, Trainer. Right here. Together. You think you wish to cease existing, but you fail to realize that your existence is the very baseline of my work. And I..."

Her smile widened just a fraction, a dark, desperate glint flashing deep within her pupils before she buried it.

"...I simply cannot let you do that to yourself."

Before you could process the meaning behind those words she lifted her other hand off of the counter.

Both of them shot forward, her long fingers locking painfully around the sides of your head and the back of your neck. With startling, irresistible force, she dragged you sideways. You gasped, your hands

flying up to grab at her forearm, but her leverage was greater—even in her state, trying to fight her grip was like trying to bend steel with your bare hands.

With a heavy, terrifying jerk, she shoved you forward, craning your face down directly over the stainless-steel kitchen sink. The metallic smell of the drain hit your nose as your hands slammed against the cold basin to keep yourself from smashing your face against the faucet.

"Now then," Tachyon said, her voice echoing right above your ear, entirely calm, almost cheery. "Since you so stubbornly refused to stay in bed and let me complete the proper gastric lavage protocol... we shall simply have to improvise right here. The sink is wonderfully convenient, wouldn't you say?"

"Tachyon—stop! Get off—" you choked out, your voice muffled against the basin as you thrashed, kicking back against her legs.

It did nothing. She shifted her weight slightly, locking her brace into place and pinning your upper body down with the weight of her upper torso, her body smothering you completely. The bizarre, crooked smile never left her face; if anything, her eyes brightened with a frightening, intense focus, as if she were simply carrying out a routine procedure.

"Settle down, guinea pig," she cooed in a bright, child-like tone. "You really ought to be more cooperative. The synthetic sedative you ingested has a high lipid-solubility rate. If it remains in your stomach lining any longer, the residual absorption will continue to induce severe metabolic toxicity and sickness! We simply cannot have that."

Before you could yell at her again, Tachyon forced two of her fingers past your lips, jamming them deep into the back of your throat.

Your eyes went wide. A violent, involuntary gag tore through your throat, your stomach instantly heaving. You thrashed wildly, your hands clawing at her coat, digging your fingernails into the thick fabric of her sleeves as you tried desperately to pull her arm away from your mouth.

"Shh, shh... almost there," Tachyon hummed playfully, her grip on the back of your head tightening like a vise, holding you firmly in place over the drain. Her hair brushed against your cheek, warm and heavy. "A little biological reflex is nothing to be ashamed of. Up it comes."

You gagged violently again, tears welling up in your eyes from the sheer force of the reflex, your chest spasming as your body fought against the sudden, unnatural intrusion. Every instinct screamed at you to get away, to fight back, but Tachyon remained an unyielding wall above you, her strange, manic delight driving her as she callously forced your body to purge the poison you had taken.

"That's it," she whispered close to your ear, her eyes watching your suffering with an unblinking, horrifying fascination, entirely unfazed by your struggles. "Purge it all, Trainer."

Your hands clamped around her wrist, digging your nails deep into her skin, pulling with every ounce of strength you had left. For a split second, her fingers slipped free. You gasped, drawing in a ragged, desperate lungful of air, your voice cracking into a raw, hoarse scream.

"Tachyon—stop!"

"Naughty today, aren’t you?" she tutted softly, her voice horrifyingly calm right above your ear.

Before you could pull away, her strength surged. Her arm clamped back down like a hydraulic press, her grip pinning your shoulders forward as she drove her fingers straight back down your throat.

Your stomach violently rebelled. A harsh, agonizing spasm racked your chest, and you threw up into the sink, the bitter, chemical taste of stomach acid and dissolved pills scorching your throat. Tears streamed freely down your face, blinding you, your fingernails tearing at her coat as you tried to push her away.

It was a completely useless, losing battle.

Every time you managed to wriggle an inch, Tachyon simply shifted her weight, smothering your movements completely. Again and again, her fingers pressed deep, triggering the reflex without a shred of hesitation or mercy. Causing you to vomit uncontrollably.

The second iteration pulled a violent retch from your lungs, your body shaking so hard your knees buckled beneath you. Tachyon caught your weight effortlessly with her free arm wrapped around your chest, keeping you propped up over the drain.

By the third time, the fight began to bleed out of you. Your vision swam with dark, dizzying spots, the combination of physical

exhaustion, severe dehydration, and the raw trauma of forced purging draining the last remnants of your energy. Your thrashing slowed into weak, pathetic twitches. Your hands, once clawing furiously at her arms, slipped down to grip the edges of her sleeves just to keep yourself grounded as your body violently emptied itself over and over.

"There now... nearly done," Tachyon murmured, her tone eerie in its gentle, rhythmic cadence. "Let it all out. Every last milligram."

One final, terrible dry heave tore through your body, leaving your throat raw and burning, your chest gasping for air that wouldn't come. There was nothing left inside you. Your legs gave out completely, your head lolling uselessly forward.

When Tachyon finally withdrew her hand, you didn't run. You couldn't. You simply collapsed backward, your limp, exhausted frame slumping heavily into her arms.

"A successful extraction," Tachyon declared softly, her voice tinged with a deep, unsettling satisfaction.

She shifted her weight, her bad leg clicking loudly as she dragged you back away from the sink. She maneuvered herself back toward the kitchen table, easing herself down into the wooden chair. She pulled you right along with her, hauling your weak, trembling body up onto her lap.

You lay there, defeated, your cheek resting against the soft, light yellow sweater beneath her coat. You could hear the fast, erratic thudding of her heart against her ribs, smelling the sharp, chemical tang of her lab mixed with the sweet, cloying aroma of her tea. Now desecrated by the disgusting smell of your own filth.

Tachyon didn't move to push you away or set you down. Instead, her fingers began to slowly comb through your hair, gently stroking your head in long, rhythmic sweeps. Her touch was surprisingly delicate, a jarring contrast to the brutality of moments prior.

"See?" she whispered, her eyes gazing down at you with a strange, possessive warmth as her hand continued its steady, soothing motion. "That wasn't so difficult, was it? You are much too important to me to let you hurt yourself, my dear guinea pig."

End Notes

Thank you for reading

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